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ÆGLE
AND THE
ELF





ÆGLE AND THE ELF.

A FANTASY.

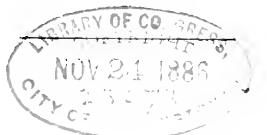
BY

M. B. M. TOLAND,

AUTHOR OF "SIR RAE," "IRIS," "ONTI ORA," "THE INCA PRINCESS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED

WITH PHOTOGRAVURES OF ORIGINAL DRAWINGS BY EMINENT ARTISTS.



PHILADELPHIA:

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.

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1887.

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DESIGNS.

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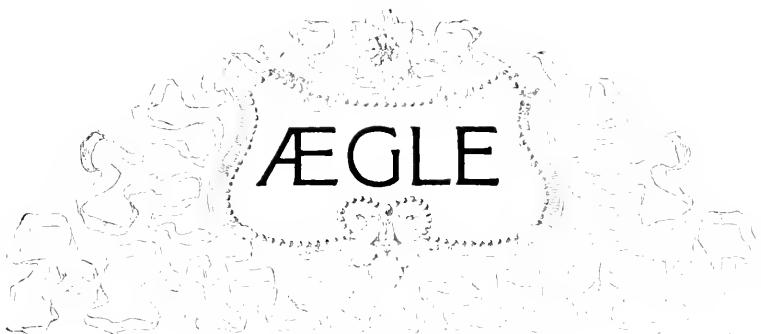
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I SUDDENLY WOKE FROM MY NAP BY THE STREAM 57

Drawn by Wm. St. John Harper.

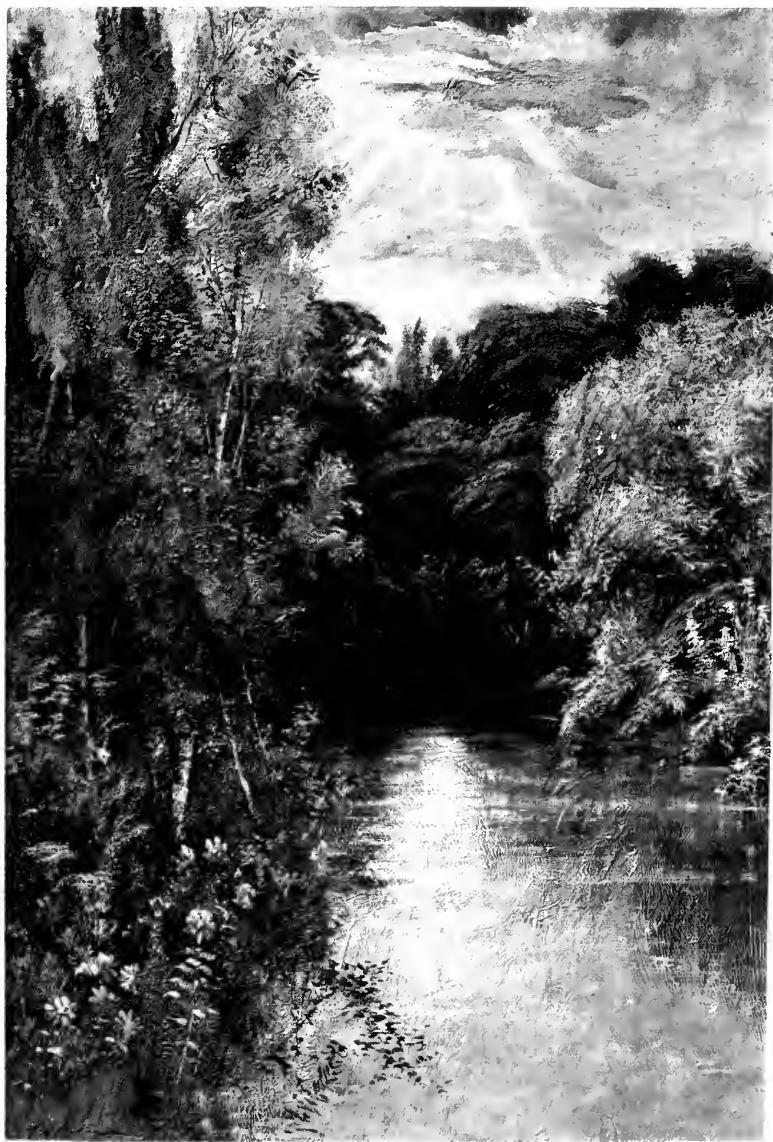
DECORATIVE DESIGNS.

Drawn by René T. Quetin.



ÆGLE

THE moonbeams were lighting the watery way,
That rimpled
And dimpled,—
The Nymphs were at play;



'Neath willows whose branches were kissing the stream
So lightly
And brightly,
It almost would seem

The lovely young Naiads were swaying the tree,
To lash it
And dash it,
In frolicking glee.



H. SIDDEON'S NOVELS

I rested my oars on my frail little boat,
Still gliding,
Dividing
The cresses afloat.

When lo! a fair vision arose on the tide;
A maiden
All laden
With lilies to hide





Her love-dimpled blushes from glances too bold ;
A daughter
Of water,
Like Venus of old.

She stood for one moment admiring herself ;
Uprising,
Surprising
A young woodland Elf,





Who left his own forest in mirth-loving glee,
To ramble
And gambol
In wild ecstasy.

On a tree-top he sat, with a quizzical face,
Ne'er tiring
Admiring
The beauty and grace





Of *Ægle*, who saw, mirrored close by her side,
 The young Elf
 By herself
Impressed on the tide.

She instantly sank amid ripples of light,
 That, laving,
 Seemed waving
Her form from his sight.

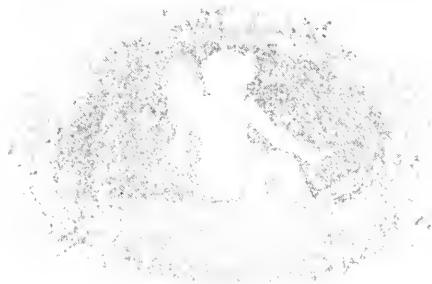


Three lovely young Naiads arose on the tide,
While swimming
Were trimming
And drawing aside

A budding branch, cedar, that shaded so well,
Reposing,
And closing
The Nymph's caverned cell.



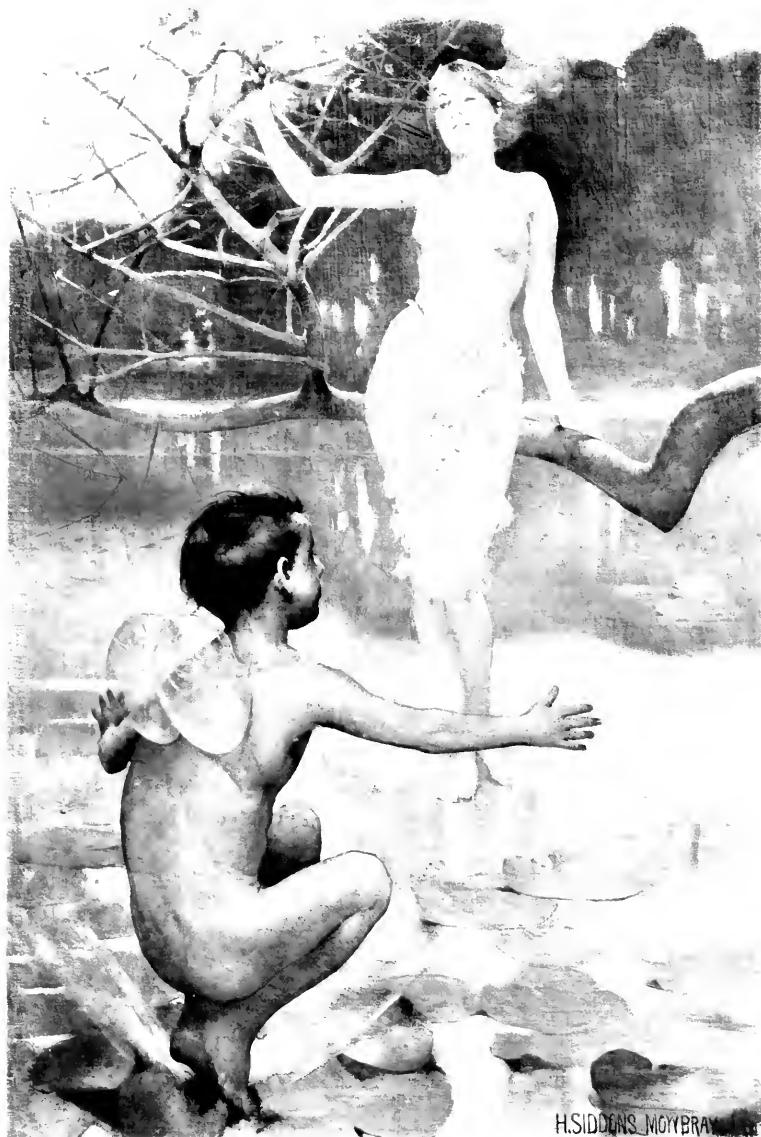




So charming she looked in her fairy-queen pride,
And kindly,
He blindly
Plunged into the tide.

The water was instantly lashed into spray ;
Half drowning,
And frowning,
The Elf got away.





H. SIDDONS MONTGOMERY



The Naiads had vanished like flashes of light;
 No daughter
 Of water
 Condol'd his sad plight.

But ripples of laughter were heard everywhere,
 With singing
 And ringing
 Of fairy-bells there.







The echoes trilled back from the grottos down deep,
“ Young Elfin,
Thyself in
Thy element keep !”

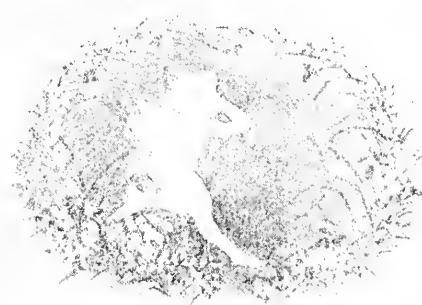
Then home to his wild-wood returned the young Elf
Most gladly,
Though madly,
While drying himself.





3 Dec 2010





He plumed his gay cap on his queer little head,
 All dripping
 And skipping
He o'er the bank sped.









I suddenly woke from my nap by the stream,
Astounded!
Confounded!
Behold! 'Twas a dream.

























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